

Dulcet (don't touch my soul with your dirty hands) by The Readers Muse

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: J. Hopper, Jonathan B.

Pairings: J. Hopper/Jonathan B.

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-05-30 18:09:12

Updated: 2017-05-30 18:09:12

Packaged: 2019-12-17 15:27:20

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,386

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Just-" the kid started, desperate hands kneading the mattress like blunt little claws. "Please."

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Disclaimer: I don't own Netflix's "Stranger Things." Everything belongs to whoever owns them, my wishful thinking aside.

Authors Note #1: This is just pure filthy porn, so jot that down. This is set post series when Jonathan is in his early twenties and past the age of consent. – Written for caryldixonandgrimes.

Warnings: explicit sexual content, oral sex, rimming, anal sex, felching, adult language, age gap, aged-up Jonathan, post series, younger man/older man, period typical opinions on gay sex, sexuality.

Dulcet (don't touch my soul with your dirty hands)

There was something about the way Jonathan took his cock that made what he figured was a lewd act, beautiful. Lookin' like a mid-summer treat splayed out across his sheets. Brown hair practically kissing his shoulders as he angled back to look at him. Biting at his lower lip in a way that made his cock twitch. Enamored with the way the skin drained blood-white under the pressure. Etchin' uneven half-moons where the skin would be practically *glowing* later until he gave him something to occupy himself with.

It'd been a long time since he'd had the boy on his knees.

Longer since he'd put that smart mouth to good use.

Just not enough hours in the day, he supposed.

But when he had the kid squirming underneath him?

Well, that was something else, right there.

Something god damned special.

Jonathan always acted like he was *punching* the pleasure of him when he took his time opening him up. Skin flushing red and an ugly blotching pink that had no right to look as enticing as it did as he slowly eased himself in. Sucking in a breath as he watched Byers just

take him. Gritting his teeth into nothing when the kid buried his face in the sheets and shook his head - overloaded and whimpering.

He didn't know what kind of pervert that made him, but there it was anyway.

He loved watching it all happen more than anything.

The way the pink little furl of his hole clenched tight around the head of his cock before finally giving. Easing open in inches, all slow and slick with just a bit too much lube because the kid never fucking *shut up* about him being stingy. Callin' him all sorts of filthy names as Byers pegged him for what he was. Calling him out for liking it just this shy of rough. Stuck in a place where friction was a living, breathing animal against his skin and his hips were aiming to take rather than give.

But then, even he liked to change things up every once and a while.

He always took his time when he was tryin' something new. Something he couldn't quite get the same read on other people did when seeing it in some damn magazine. Usually a dirty rag chock-full of pictures he'd used to obsess over around about as much as he'd wanted to fling it into the trash when it was just him and his own hand figuring shit out.

Once again provin' that this was as new to him as it was to Jonathan as the kid shifted across the mattress like a question. Doing him and his nerves exactly *no* favours as he fought the natural inclination towards being skittish went for gold. Parting the kid's cheeks after a shower one night like it was something he was actually god damned confident about. Going so far as to give the kid a smack on the ass for good measure when he tensed up reflexively. Skin spreading goose-flesh like a rash as he traced his thumb down the kid's cleft – dead set on exploring.

It was a hard thing to resist, all things considered.

For a skinny thing, Byers sure had an ass on him.

Pert and pretty as anything.

Solid praise, he figured.

As far as male asses went.

Jonathan made a sound that was all vowels when he finally leaned in and grazed his tongue over the kid hole. Pulling back slowly, like he was trying to decide how he felt about it, before he pressed in again. Nudging the kid's cheeks further apart with the scarred-flat of his knuckles when he tried to close them instinctively.

"Hopper- Hopper, what?"

He hummed something non-committable and distracted into the crinkled skin.

"That's fucking gross," Jonathan shuddered, shaky enough that he knew, *just knew*, he was loving it. With so little in the way of real protest that the kid was actually starting to hike back into the press of his mouth.

"Yeah," he agreed, only slightly breathless as he leaned in and licked up the crease of the kid's balls anyway. Grinning into the darkened pink when Byers reached a new high note. "If you don't like it, leave."

Except the kid came back every time.

Actin' like he was fucking *starved* for it, even.

Proving that words were just empty air and that it was your actions that really mattered.

He nudged at the kid's hole cautiously with his tongue, lapping at him. Tasting soap and sweat and something else. Something sweet and virile that he already had the feeling was going to become addictive as shit.

"Hop- just-" Jonathan crushed the sheets into the ball of his fist. Expression screwed up and pleasure-red as his free hand smacked humid across the jut of his shoulder.

"Yeah?" he hazed, less a question than an unspoken statement of a fact as he reeled back into the soft of him. Opening him wider with the blunt of his fingers so that the next swipe of his tongue curled inside. Following shuddering muscle as the kid nearly brained him trying to push back. Movements pleasure-thick and sloppy.

"Please," the kid begged. Open mouthed and panting as he dragged his tongue in a swirl around the kid's hole. Wide hands almost overwhelming skinny hips and perfect, mole-studded skin he had to fight not to break with his teeth.

"Please what?"

"Just-" the kid started, desperate hands kneading the mattress like blunt little claws. "*Please.*"

He pressed a sloppy kiss against the inner of the kid's cheek before pulling back reluctantly. Groaning as he palmed his cock and nudged at the glistening hole. Taking a moment to simmer pride and appreciation at the sight - now a tacky mess of pre-cum, saliva and slick - before he lined himself up and pushed in.

He wasn't sure what it was that made it different. But as he licked the phantom taste of the kid from his lips every muscle in Jonathan's back pulled tight. Barely aware of the kid coming like a rocket underneath him, completely untouched. Hiding his face into the mattress with a wail as his cock blurted thin ropes of sticky cum into the sheets. Shuddering through it with a staggered cry that carried in the air like a prey animal dying.

He hadn't been expecting things to be over and done with so quickly. Especially on the kid's end. Forgetting for a second that ticked just a bit too long to *pay better fucking attention* before the kid clenched tight around his cock and took him right down with him. Sinking him deep until he was too caught up in the white-hot press. Digging his fingers into dark hair to wrench up the kid's throat. Baring it prettily like a presentation as the kid bit out a curse and grabbed at his cock. Pulling at it desperately, despite the softness that was settling in, like he actually had more in the tank than he knew what to do with.

It provided a stark, lurid backdrop as he leaned in and mouthed

down the knobs of the kid's spine. Murmuring how wrecked and open he looked before his gut wrenched with pleasure and growing heat and he found himself crushing Jonathan into the sheets, rasping the kid's name like a broken down prayer.

Byers' *had* said please after all

A/N: This story is now complete. Thank you for reading, please let me know what you think.

Reference:

dulcet: (adj.) sweet